A Perfect Collection

of all the

SONGS

Now in Mode

Either at the

Court, or, *Theatres*.

With New Additions.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic; aliter non fit, *Avite*, *Liber*.
Mart. Liber. 1. *Epi.* 17.

Reader, thou'lt find some good, some bad, some neither,
To make a Book, I can put all together.

London, Printed in the Year, 1675.

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Serenade.

In the Libertine Destroy'd.

THou joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes,
Natures chief treasure, and beauties chief prize,
look down you'l discover,
here's a faithful young vigorous Lover,
with a heart full as true,
as e're languisht for you,
here's a faithful young vigorous lover.

The heart that was once a Monarch in's breast,
Is now your poor captive and can have no rest;
'Twill never give over,
but about your sweet bosome will hover,
Dear Mils let it in,
by heav'n 'tis no sin,
here's a faithful young vigorous lover.

A Song.

YOu lovers love on,
Lest the world be undone;
And mankind be lost by degrees;
For if all from their loves,
shou'd go wander in groves,
There soon wou'd be nothing but trees.

Song.

CLoris when you disperse your influence,
your dazling beams are quick and clear,
You so surprize and wound the sense,
so bright a Miracle y'appear:
Admiring Martals you astonish so,
no other Deity they know,
But think that all Divinity's below.

One charming look from your illustrious face,
is able to subdue man-kind,
So sweet so powerful a grace,
makes all men lovers but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by resistance gain,
for each embraces the soft chain,
And never struggles with the pleasant pain.

A Song.

AH Coryden thy flame remove,
I pitty thee but cannot Love,
Yet I own I have something in every vein,
That moves me to love eow'd I meet with a Swain,
that were to my mind,
That were to my mind, and wow'd love me again.

A Plea for liberty.

SInce liberty nature to all has design'd,
A pox o' the fool who to one is confin'd,
All creatures besides,
when they please, change their brides,
All females they get when they can,
whilst they nothing but nature obey,
how happy, how happy are they?
But the silly fond animal man,
Makes laws to himself which his appetites sway,
poor fools how unhappy are they?

Chorus.

But since liberty nature for all has design'nd,
A pox o' the fool who to one is confined.

At the first going down a woman is good;
But when e're she comes up i'le ne'r chew the Cud;
But out she shall go,
And i'le serve them all so,
when with one my Stomack is cloy'd;

another shall soon be engag'd.
Then how happy, how happy are we,
Let the Coxcomb when weary drudge on,
And foolishly stay when he fain wou'd be gone,
Poor fool how unhappy is he?

Chorus.

At the first going down a VVoman is good,
But when e're she comes up i'le never chew the cud.

Let the rabble obey i'le live like a man,
Who in nature is free to debauch all he can,
wise nature does teach,
more truth then fools Preach,
She, she's our infallible guide,
but were the blest freedom deny'd,
Of variety in the things we love best,
Dull man were the slavishest beast.

Chorus.

Let the rabble obey i'le live like a man,
VVho by natnre is free to debauch all he can,

Song.

In the Libertine Destroy'd.

WOman who is by nature wild,
dull-bearded man incloses,
Of natures freedom we're beguil'd,
By Laws which man imposes,
who still himself continues free,
Tis we poor slaves must fettered be.

Chorus. A shame on the Curse,
Of for better, for worse,
'Tis a vile imposition on nature,
For women shou'd change,
and have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild creature.

So gay a thing was ne'r design'd,
to be restrain'd from Roving,
Heav'n meant so changeable a mind,
shou'd have its change in Loving.
By cunning we cou'd make men smart,
but they by strength o're-come our art.

Chor.

Chorus: A ſhame on the curſe, &c.

How happy is the Village-Maid,
whom only love can fetter,
By fooliſh honour ne'r betray'd
ſhe ſerves a pow'r much greater,
That lawful Prince the wiſeſt rules,
Th' uſurper, honour, rules but fools.

Chor. A ſhame on the curſe, &c.

Let us reſume our antient right,
Make man at diſtance wonder,
Tho' he victorious be in fight,
in love we'l keep him under.
War and ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and women rule the world.

Chor: A ſhame on the Curſe,
Of for better for worſe,
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For women ſhou'd change,
and have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild creature.

A Rural Song.

Nymph and Shepherd come away,
In these Groves let's sport and play,
Let each day be a Holy-day,
Sacred to ease and happy Love,
to Dancing Musick Poetry,
Your flocks may now securely rove,
while you express your jollity.

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

We come, we come, no joy like to this,
Now let us Sing, Rejoyce, and Kiss,
The Great can never know such bliss,
1. as this,
2. as this,
3. as this,
All, As this,
The Great can never know such bliss.

All the inhabitants o'th' Wood
now celebrate the Spring,
That gives fresh vigor to the blood
of every living thing.

The

The birds have been singing and billing before us,
And all the sweet Quiristers joyn in the Chorus.
The Nightingalls with jugging throats,
Warble out their pritty notes,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet,
And thus our loves and pleasures greet.

Chorus of all.

Then let our pipes sound, let us dance & sing,
til the murmuring groves with ecchoes do ring.

How happy are we,
From all jealousie free,
No dangers nor cares can annoy us:
we toy and we kisse,
and love's our chief blisse,
a pleasure that never can cloy us,
Our days we consume in unenvy'd delights,
And in love and soft rest our happy long Nights.

Each Nymph does impart,
her love without art,
To her swain who thinks that his chief treasure.

No

No envy is fear'd,
No sighs are e're heard,
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure.
When we feel the best raptures of Innocent love,
No joys exceeds ours but the pleasures above.

Chorus.

In these delightful fragrant Groves,
Let's celebrate our happy Loves,
Lets pipe, and Dance, and Laugh, and Sing,
Thus ev'ry happy Living thing,
Revels in the chearful Spring.

Song.

AUgusta *is inclin'd to fears,*
Be she full, or be she waining,
Still Augusta *is complaining:*
Give her all you can to ease her,
Give her all you can to ease her,
You shall never, never please her.

On

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humfrey; a Pastoral.

Did you not hear the hideous groans?
the shrieks and heavy moans,
That spred themselves o're all the pensive plain,
And rent the breast of many a tender Swain.
'Twas for Amintas *dead and gone,*
Sing you forsaken Shepherds, sing his praise,
In careless melancholly lays,
Lend him a little doleful breath;
Poor Amintas! *poor* Amintas! *Cruel Death!*
'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live,
Thou, that dead numbers didst inspire,
With charming voyce, and tuneful lyre;
That life to all, but to thy self, cou'dst give;
why cou'dst not thou thy wond'rous art bequeath?
Poor Amintas! *poor* Amintas! *Cruel Death!*

Chorus.

Sing pious Shepherds, sing while you may,
Before th' approaches of the fatal day,
For you your selves that sing this mournful (Song,
alas! e're it be long,
Shall like *Amintas* breathless be;
Tho' more forgotten in the grave than he.

The

The way to rule a Wife.

THe two Noblest creatures that live on the land,
a Woman, I mean, and a Horse,
By fair means admit,
Of the Rider and Bit,
But disdain to be manag'd by force:
He's a slave that Marries, & great Owles are they
who think any woman can be brought to obey.
Slaves in Fetters must lie still,
Or they'l feel
The cold steel
Corrode the Flesh and Bone,
Be quiet and make no moan,
And then you shall suffer no ill.

The haughty Leviathan, king of the Main,
when he sports in his native soil,
and throws water so high,
he makes Seas in the Sky,
Is caught by address, not by toyl,
when the spear has got hold then let him alone,
Though he thinks he is gone he is surely thy own,
He is not free that drags a chain,
give him Rope,
and there is hope,
If you shorten your clue,
to the bottom go you,
Or your dart returns empty again.

Long

Long have I Liv'd and have had many Wives,
Since I first put my hand to the plough;
While I tampered by force
to rule, they grew worse,
and there rose a hard knob in my brow:
We bit, and we scratcht, and we led hellish Lives,
Till I found out the way to make excellent wives.
This is the result of my Skill:
Give 'em line,
and they are thine,
and you rule them with ease,
Let them do what they please,
And then they shall do what you will.

Song.

NOw that the cold winters expeld by the Sun,
and the fields that did penance in Snow,
Hav put Madam Natures gay Livery on,
embroydered with flowers to make a fine show:
Since the hills & the valleys with pleasure abound
Let the mortals bear a part, and the frolique go round.

Hark, hark how the birds in sweet consort conspire,
the Lark and the Nightingal joyn:
And in every grove there's an amorous Quire,
while nothing but mirth is their harmlesse design.
Since the hills, &c.

Methinks the god Pan, *whose subjects we are,*
sits and smiles on a flowry Throne:
He accepts our kind offering every year,
our May-pole his Scepter, our Garland his Crown.
Since the hills, &c.

Dorinda Lamenting the Death of her *Amintas*, a Pastoral Song.

Adieu to the pleasures and follies of Love,
For a passion more noble my fancy does move;
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In sorrowful notes my Amintas's *name;*
The wood-nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
Thou never shall see thy Amintas *again;*
For Death hath befriended him,
Fate hath defended him,
None, none, alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd to his layes,
Come help me to sing forth Amintas's *praise,*
No Swain for the garland durst with him dispute,
So sweet were his notes, while he sung to his lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue
To weave him a Garland of Cypress and Yew,
For Life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o're taken him,
No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,
You echoes and fountains my witnesses prove,
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my love:
And now of our PAN *whom we chiefly adore,*
This favour I never will cease to implore;
That now I may go above
And there enjoy my Love,
Then, then, I never will part with him more.

Song.

WHy should friends & kindred gravely make
Wrong thyself, and cruelly forsake me? (thee
Be still my dearest Mistris, hang Relations,
Love's above their dull considerations:
Let 'em live and want, to heap up treasure,
Whilst that thee and I enjoy our pleasure.

He that ſeeks a Miſtris in a portion,
Puts himſelf to uſe with damn'd extortion;
If he muſt be brib'd to Copulation,
Pox upon his love! 'tis out of faſhion:
Where we like, no matter what the eſtate is,
'Tis not love except we ſhew it gratis.

How to ſee the Miſer have I wondred,
Weighing out his paſſion by the hundred?
Ne'r conſulting birth, or education,
Vertue without wealth's but prophanation;
Be ſhe old, or ugly, 'tis no matter,
So ſhe is but rich he'l venture at her.

Joynture is a ſordid Lay-invention,
Quite beſide our nature and intention:
When we wou'd agree it makes reſiſtance,
Finding tricks to keep us at a diſtance;
Then who poorly makes a new election,
Suffers wealth to Cuckold his affection.

Love not Return'd.

AH how unkind is the Nymph I adore?
For my obedience she slights me the more;
Still as she shuns me I closer pursue,
So by her flight she has learnt to subdue;
How endless are the pains I must endure?
Since she, by flying, wounds, and shuns the cure.

Yet how unhappy soever I am,
Still I must follow and cherish my flame,
For should I struggle and break off my chain,
My freedom would be worse then her disdain?
Therefore the Nobler fate I will prefer,
It must be happy if it come from her.

Then cruel Fair, if my death you've decreed,
Spight of compassion, I beg you proceed,
And look not down on my wretched estate,
As neither worthy of your love nor hate:
For with your frowns I would rather dispence,
Then languish in Luke-warm indifference.

The Catholique Lover.

'Tis not enough great gods! 'tis not enough
That I one ſingle beauty love:
No, no, Eternal powr's if you
Envy the peace my mind once knew,
If't be my fate to be a ſlave
If I muſt love and ſuch ſoft paſſions have,
Let not one Quiver, or one Bow,
One Glance, one Dart, one Arrow do;
Let many eyes my freedom break,
Let many chains me captive make,
'Tis Ceſar-like from many wounds a Death to take.

Retraction.

Draw back thy hand great love! & ſtrike no more,
That was too much I felt before:
No, no, if thou too cruel love
Wilt on my breaſt thy poyſons prove,
Let me at firſt be troughly ſlain;
Plagues ſuch as theſe ſeldom infect again:
Let thy firſt Trophy then ſuffice,
Firſt Arrow, and firſt conqu'ring eye,
Unbend thy Bow, and break thy Dart,
Torture me not with ſecond ſmart;
One wound doth kill as ſure as twenty in the heart.

Loſt Opportunity.

O Name not the day I left my ſenſes reprove,
And curſe my kind heart from the knowledge
[of love;
Ah! the ignorant fate of a fearful young lover,
When a ſign is return'd to want wit to diſcover:
To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of deſign,
Is to dig for a treaſure and ſink in the Mine.

The effect of a ſmile in a vein of diſcourſe,
'Twixt fear and good will ought to make a divorce;
Such Items deſerve to be well underſtood,
Like a Vizardeſs when ſhe peeps under her Hood:
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good night, and adieu to her honour.

I knew not alas the intrigue of her art,
I thought ſhe deſign'd to make ſport with my heart;
It panted with fear, and it leapt ſo with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would deſtroy:
But ſince, I'm reſolv'd, e're I'le prove ſuch a ſot,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the Spot.

The

The ſecret Lover.

I Languiſh for one that ne'r thinks of me,
and all my vain hopes now turn to deſpair,
The complaints which I utter (O love) againſt thee,
are nothing ſo ſweet as my ſufferings are:
Then ceaſe by your power to add to my pain,
Leſt death by a greater put an end to your reign.

My ſighs and my tears ſo privately I
Do give to a paſſion I ne'r will impart,
That though I am vanquiſht, and conquered dye,
No one can e're ſay that I firſt loſt my heart;
Since the torments I feel I will not diſcover,
It ne'r ſhall be ſaid there dyes a poor lover.

How ſtrangely ſevere is my fate, ſince I find
that with all my reſiſtance I cannot get free
From a ſlavery, by which I ſee I m deſign'd,
my deareſt PHILANDER *thy Martyr to be;*
O fate ſo unkind, to make me eſteem
My death to be welcome, cauſe given by him.

Song:

I Pitty crave since 'tis my fate,
My Mistris should me captivate;
Confin'd I am a Slave to be,
And must submit to destiny:
My story's sad, I did it tell
To her, she slights me, is this well?
O no, 'tis my misfortune still to be,
Neglected for my faith and constancy.

Then I resolv'd to love no more,
Nor any beauty to adore;
The Scene is chang'd, and I am free,
I care not for loves tyranny:
This alteration likes me well,
My liberty no more I'le sell:
She then desir'd I would her love receive,
I gave her thanks, and so I took my leave.

The Libertine.

SInce Phillis *we find,*
We grow so inclin'd,
That we dare not quite bid love defiance,
Yet let us be wise,
And with freedom advise,
So to make up a triple allyance:
For why should we lose,
What most creatures do use,
The freedom of Natures great Charter,
Let us use love as chance,
Not as God of Romance,
And dye like a Fool, *or a Martyr.*
We'l use love no more,
Then our humour or store,
Will be able to pay, or allow,
We'l then scorn all dodging,
When we go to our lodging,
And fear no Goal made by a Vow.
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness by being so jealous,
Let us laugh at all Rumour,
And ne'r spoyl good humour,
Like Phanaticks by seeming too Zealous.

Love with dost appear,
whenby vow or by fear,
It seems fettered by justice or duty;
'Tis more glory for you,
To keep our love true,
By force of your wit and your beauty.

Song:

I Am no subject unto fate,
the pow'r assum'd I give to you,
Whether returning love or hate,
which falls in storms or gentle dew.

It is my will that chooseth you,
though tyrant, yet if I obey,
Obedience is truly due,
to whom I give my self away.

The

The worlds Dimensions are wide,
my mind not heaven can confine;
That out-ward worship is bely'd,
who inward bows to another shrine.

Thus fetter'd I will freely Love,
my choice doth make the conquest shine.
And will thy power best improve,
that to thy subject thou incline.

I may be born under a throne,
a slave or free without my voice,
But love and my Religion,
holy depends on my own choice.

For may be called Victory,
yet only those are overcome,
Who yield unto an Enemy,
that is their certain fate and Doom.

Who wisely rules deserves command,
then keep thee loyal next thy heart,
Elicitur Monarchs cannot stand,
nor loves without an equal dart.

Merry

Merry after Death.

When I ſhall leave this clod of clay,
When I ſhall ſee that happy day,
That a cold bed, a winding ſheet,
ſhall end my cares,
my griefs and tears,
And lay me ſilent at my conquerours feet.

When a dear friend ſhall ſay he's gone,
Alas h' has left us all alone,
I ſaw him gaſping, and I ſaw,
him ſtrive in vain,
amidſt his pain,
His eye-ſtrings breaking, and his falling jaw.

Then ſhall no tears bedew my hearſe,
No ſad uncomfortable verſe,
My unlamented death ſhall have,
He who alive,
Did never grieve,
How can he be leſs merry in the grave.

Then friends for a while be merry without me,
And as faſt as you dye come flocking about me,
In Gardens and Groves our day revels we'l keep,
And at night my Theorbo ſhall rock you aſleep,
So happy we'l prove that mortals above,
Shall envy our Muſick, ſhall envy our love.

Dialogue.

DIALOGUE.

Man.

WHy Phillis *to me so untrue and unkind?*
remember the vow which you made,
Though Love cannot see let not honour be blind,
whereon is the other betray'd.

Woman.

Though sir to your bed true allegiance I vow'd,
I am not oblieg'd by that Oath,
No longer than you keep both constant and true,
the same vow obliegeth us both.

Man.

Fair Nymph did you feel but those passions I bear,
my Love you wou'd never suspect,
A heart made of steel must needs love the fair,
and what we love cannot neglect.

Chorus. Then since we love both,
let us both be agreed,
And seal both our loves with a kiss:
from breaking our oath
we shall both be then free'd,
A Princess shall envy our bliss.

The

The Request.

THou fair usurper of my fate,
tell me what my lot shall be,
Must I languish at this rate,
without hope or help from thee?
And am I damn'd a slave to be,
Unto a truckling Destiny?

Or is your love that poyson grown,
which inflicts those fatal darts,
Which the God of love alone,
did form for false rebellious hearts,
And must none then approach thy love,
But those who martyrdom will prove.

Hadst thou the liberty preserv'd,
and still a Noble Soveraign been,
At what a rate hadst thou been serv'd,
when all thy slaves had Rivals been?
Nay gods themselves had quit their sway,
Proud of the glory to obey.

But stay! my passion grows too bold,
seeking your honour thus to stain,
It shews that loyalty grows cold,
when subjects for reward complain;
Hence-forth my passions shall declare,
No perfect love without Despair.

Drinking Catch.

COme away, 'tother glass,
He's a temperate ass,
That refuses his brimmer of Renish,
While our bottles go round,
A new way we have found,
Both our heads and our veins to replenish,
We'l be witty and brave, when our noddles are full,
while the sober young fop is but prudently dull.

With wenches and wine,
Our selves we refine,
From the dross of the puritan City,
We care not a lowse,
For their dull Coffee-house,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a man witty,
In spight of misfortunes thus happy we are,
In a jolly brave soul that's a stranger to care.

Vanity of Love.

WHat fancies of pleasure doth love all alone,
Propose to it self when the object is gone?
But alas! how vain is the strength of that joy,
Which a word or a frown has the pow'r to destroy.

For though the first venture seem calm in her eyes,
In the second access a storm may arise,
Then with sighs, and with grief are those spirits dis-plaid,
Who to cherish dispair have given their aid.

Thus lovers with doubt a fond kindness pursue,
While fate from their follies prove false and untrue,
They are either possest with the thoughts of dispair,
Or else lay on love a continual care.

Then since we're endu'd with so gentle a soul,
That e'ry small signal our heart may controul,
'Twere a sign of Lov's pitty our care to restrain,
By making us Free-men without so much pain.

Song.

Song.

TO what modeſt grief is a lover confind?
when the tongue dares not utter the truth of (his heart,
Yet it ſtrengthens the force in a generous mind,
and makes him ſtill think what his love would im- [part:
For the more he loves one, the more happy 'twill prove
When he comes to appearance to plead for his love.

When our hearts are new kindled to jump at a beauty,
but like a French-onſet comes off with a blaſt,
We ought to wait leiſure, 'tis civil and duty,
let's love by degrees, and the longer 'twill laſt:
He that jumbles his love and enjoyment together,
Makes two months of ſummer, & ten of cold weather.

Kind love like a tender and delicate flower,
wants only improvement to make it endure;
But ſo oft 'tis tranſplanted, that every hour
it drops and decays, till 'tis almoſt paſt cure:
Unleſs ſome fair Nymph by enchantment can bring,
To make it refreſh, a perpetual ſpring.

A Song.

WEre Celia but as chaſt as fair,
How could I kiſs the ſnare;
And ne'r be tir'd with my captivity,
But ſhe's a whore that cools my blood,
O that ſhe were leſs handſom or more good.

VVould you believe that there can reſt
Deceipt within that breaſt,
Or that thoſe eyes,
VVhich look like friends are onely ſpyes;
But ſhe's a whore, yet ſure I lye,
May there not be degrees of Chaſtity?

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile?
But only to beguile;
Thus did the firſt
Of women, make all men accurſt;
I for their ſakes give women o're,
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt is a VVhore.

Song.

How strangely severe and unkind are we grown?
For we punish in all, the offenses of one:
While dissembling Amintas *a passion did faign,*
And Damons *affection return'd with disdain;*
And gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore,
Then to him who did faithfully love and adore.

Then how is it just O ye powers divine,
That Damon *should dye when the errour was mine?*
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again,
I'm deaf to the voyce of a lover in pain,
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun,
But dye in despair as my Damon *has done.*

Drinking Catch.

What madness it is to give over drinking,
When Apollo *is drunk you may know by his winking;*
His face is on flame, and his nose is so red,
It predicts he is sleepy and goes drunk to bed:
Let him sleep to grow sober, while we tarry here,
And drink till the morning appear.

Celadon on Delia; Singing a Pastoral.

O Delia, *for I know 'tis thee,*
I know 'tis thee,
For nothing else could move
My Tuneless heart, then something from above;
I hate all earthly harmony:
Hark! Hark! ye Nymphs, and Satyrs all around,
Hark how the baffled Eccho faints and dyes,
see how the winged air all gasping lyes:
At the melodious sound:
Mark while she sings,
How they droop and flag their wings,
Angelick Delia *sing no more,*
Thy song's too great for mortal ear,
Thy charming notes I can no longer bear,
O then in pitty to the world give o're,
And leave us stupid as we were before,
Fair Delia *take the fatal choice*
To veil thy beauty or suppress thy voyce,
His passions thus poor Celadon *betray'd,*
When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely maid

Despair.

Deſpair.

Make a bed in the deep,
For me diſcontented poor Lover to ſleep,
Till the Cannons like thunder
Rend the heavens in ſunder,
And frightning the Main,
Do force me at laſt to awaken again.

When the ſtorms do ariſe,
And with their proud ſurges encounter the skies,
My head finds a pillow,
On the top of a billow,
And I look for a grave,
Within the cold womb of a turbulent wave.

The wind ſhall convey,
My pray'rs unto her I adore e'ry day,
It gently ſhall move
Her to pitty my Love,
And each ſigh that it bears,
It ſhall whiſper again into Phillis's *ears.*

If the tempeſt do roar,
Then Phillis alone is the Saint I implore,
If ſhe will not appeaſe
The rage of the Seas,
Nor calm the rough weather,
I'le breath out her name and my life both together.

So the Ocean to me,
Shall inſtead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be;
And as I do glide,
Too and fro with the Tide,
Thereby is expreſt,
That a lover may dye, but he never can reſt.

Over Phillis ſhall hover,
The wandering ſoul of her Martyred Lover;
And if I do find her,
To my memory kinder,
O then I ſhall never
Abandon her boſome, but tarry for ever.

A Song.

WHat ſighs and groans now fill my breaſt,
And ſuffer me to take no reſt?
For my Carmelia, oh! ſhe's gone,
And left me here to mourn alone:
But is ſhe dead? then I'le go ſee
If in her grave there's room for me.

O cruel fate, that ſo deſign'd
To take her and leave me behind;
And thou, O Death! whoſe quick alarms,
Have ſnatcht me rudely from her arms;
Canſt thou not find a way for me,
To my Carmelia's breaſts to fly?

Dye then Anſelmio! why doeſt ſtay,
Since my Carmelia leads the way:
O dye yet faſter! do not live
That deareſt Nymph for to ſurvive:
Now deareſt ſoul, I come, I fly,
Always to live with thee, I dye.

A

A Song.

When a woman that's buxom a dotard does wed
'Tis a madness to think she'l be ty'd to his bed
For who can resist a gallant that is young,
And a man Al-a-mode in his garb and his tongue?
His looks have such charms, and his language such force,
That the drowsie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are persons of worth and a civil report,
Thus she cannot a kind opportunity want,
For he'l trust her with no man except her Gallant;
Yet the confident Fop for her honesty swears,
So he grafts on himself the gay horns that he wears.

Thus happy are we that are yok'd to a Cit,
For when ever we teach him he pays for his wit,
By his duck that appear'd to be faithful and chast;
He finds himself Cuckold and beggar'd at last:
And the credulous fool having drudg'd all his life,
Proves a thief to himself and a pimp to his wife.

A

A Nimph grieves at the absence of her lover, a Pastoral.

AS I was sitting on the grass,
within a silent shady Grove,
I over-heard a country Lass,
was there bewailing of her Love,
My love says she
Is ta'ne from me,
And to the wars is prest and gone,
He's marcht away
And gone to sea,
Alack, alack and a welladay,
And left me here alone.

My Love he was the kindest man,
there's none that's like him in the town,
He gently takes me by the hand,
And give me many a green Gown,
with kisses sweet
He would me greet,
And often sing a round delay,

And

And sometimes smile,
Then Chat a while,
That so we might the time beguile,
A true-long Summers-day.

My Love on May-day still wou'd be,
the earlyest up of all the rest,
With Scarfs and Ribbons then wou'd he
of all the crew the fineſt dreſt;
With Morris-bells,
And fine things elſe,
But when the pipe began to play,
He danc'd ſo well,
I heard 'em tell,
That he did all the reſt excell,
And bore the bell away.

The man that took my Love away,
was too too harſh and too ſevere,
I gently on my knees did pray,
that he my Love would then forbear,
I offer'd too,
A breeding Ewe,

And

And chilver Lamb that was my own,
Do what I cou'd,
It did no good,
He left me in this penſive mood,
To ſigh and make my moan.

A New Ballad.

I Told young Jenny *I lov'd her,*
with a zeal that I thought wou'd have mov'd her,
And I gave her earneſt in hand to boot,
For I knew by my bargain I could ſtand to't:
But the Gypſie cunnigly taught by her ſire,
cry'd Marry, or elſe forſake me,
when you've fil'd your belly and your deſire,
you'l be damn'd before you will take me.

But her Old Dad of his own accord,
Did make himſelf as Drunk as a Lord,
In hopes to find it a wedding day,
So I took up my Jenny *and car'd her away;*
Let her ſcratch and bite, let her kick and wince,
Now I've got her into my clutches,
She's witty, ſhe's fair, ſhe's a Gem for a Prince,
And in time ſhe may be a Dutcheſs.

We

We took a lodging and went to bed,
And I thought to have met with a maiden-head,
Within her quarters no sooner I got,
But the Jade in merriment cry'd you sot!
Thou'rt as great a bubble as ever was seen,
So sadly thy self to cousen,
To look for a maiden-head at fifteen,
which thou'rt hardly find at a dozen.

For women so forward of late are grown,
That their fruit is ripe as soon as 'tis blown,
Some marry their daughters at half a score,
Or else at eleven they'd play the whore;
If a girl be wise as soon as she can,
She'l be rid of her troublesome Jewel,
And certainly nothing but Ile of a man,
can allay the heat of her fuel.

She made me laugh, and I cou'd not forbear,
To think she had fitted my cock to a hair,
And yet you must know I was vext at the heart,
To find an old Bully out-done in his art.

For

For when so modest her looks I found,
I'de have ventur'd my life to a shilling,
If a man would have given a thousand pound,
young Jenny won'd ne'r have been billing.

When first I knew her she made me stand,
And wait a while for a kiss of her hand,
But when I came to a touch of her lip,
'Twas so clawing a favour I must but sip;
When I felt her breasts she cry'd I was bold,
and checkt me for being uncivil,
But when I came to her Coppy-hold,
I found her as mad as the devil.

Then since I saw she was right for the sport,
I resolv'd to be leager and enter her fort,
As soon as my Cential came to the gate,
I put him a knocking because it was late;
But the Garrison readily spoke within,
your party may safely adventure,
For I am as willing to let you in,
as ever you was to enter.

No

No ſooner within the gates I had got,
But I thought it convenient to give her a ſhot,
And ſhe from a Morter-piece that ſhe had,
Let fly a Granado I thought ſhe was mad:
But when I gave her a freſh alarm,
ſhe told me I did but vapour,
For the bullets I ſhot would do her no harm,
no more then Pellets of paper.

So oft ſhe charg'd, that ſhe baffled my men,
Till they ſneak'd at her ſalliport out agen,
My ammunition I found was ſpent,
So I put on my cloaths and away I went:
My Jenny, *ſaid I, I muſt bid thee adieu,*
'Tis a folly to ſtay any longer,
For ſtill I found that the weaker I grew,
Young Jenny *grew ſtronger and ſtronger.*

And thus you have heard me fully relate,
The ſport that young Jenny *and I have been at,*
But what will be the event of our blows,
I think o' my conſcience no body knows;
But if my Tackling ſhould be ſpoyl'd,
I' faith I ſhall look like a Ninny,
And if my Miſtris ſhould prove with child,
The worſt will fall upon Jenny.

Song.

Song.

When first I saw fair Celia's face,
So full of Majesty and Grace,
As potent armies do attaque,
The place can no resistance make;
So she, by pow'r, has made her way,
Unto my heart, and there does stay,
Receiving homage which I pay.

The force of love who can withstand?
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious Cupid has decreed,
Then my poor heart must ever bleed;
Till you, fair Nymph! by pity mov'd,
My passion having once approv'd,
Can love, as now you are belov'd.

It won'd be gallantry in love,
If Celia won'd the act approve,
Where she so long has caus'd a smart,
There to bestow at last her heart:
In doing so fair Saint you may
From your blest name derive a day,
When Lovers all to you shall pray.

Song.

LOng since fair Clarinda my passion did move,
Whilst under my friendship I cover'd my love,
But now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain,
'Tis too late in my Death to dissemble my pain,
In telling my love though I fear she'l deny,
I shall ease my sad heart and more quietly dye.

Ah sure by my eyes you my passion might find,
No friendship e'r banquish'd or look'd half so kind,
Though I said not I lov'd you might see it too plain,
Friends use not to sigh or to speak with such pain;
Each touch of your hand such a warmth did inspire,
My face was all flam'd, and my heart all a fire.

My thoughts are so tender, my tongue cannot tell,
what bliss won'd be yours con'd you love half so well:
Let the thing with a title our property move,
Let him have the shew, and let me have the love:
I have lov'd you so long that if now you delay,
You will owe so much as you never can pay.

A

A Dialogue between *Neptune* and *Apollo*, occasioned by the Death of the Earl of *Sandwich*.

Ap. I *Charge thee* Neptune, *as thou art just, resign*
The most admired Sandwich, *who is mine*;
Whose loss creates a discord in the spheares,
And turns our Melody to Groans and tears.

Nep. *Forbear to ask what is unjust to grant,*
Thy Charge, and my Designs are Dissonant;
He's mine by conquest, what is thy pretence?

Ap. *In Musique his unequal'd excellence,*

Nep. *Heroique parts I gave him, taught him how*
With thundring Canon, and a furrow'd brow,
To rule the surface of my Realm, (Ap.) *and I,*
By a Magnetique pow'r in harmony,
Made him a Conquerour to overcome
All souls that lov'd or lik'd Elizium.

Nep. *Thy seat is pleasant, there all sweets do dwell,*
But mine with rage and horror only swell,
Which lately is increas'd, since Sandwich *sent,*
So many Rel'gions to my Element;
Whose Emulation to a Princes Throne,
Makes me keep Sandwich *to preserve my own.*

Chorus.

We'l sing his requiem by some murmuring brook
On which as th' Emblem of our griefs we look,
And with our Tears increase it to a Main,
Then Sigh and Weep till *Sandwich* come again;
Or else we never never will refrain.

Song againſt Poets.

WHat mean the dull Poets themſelves to abuſe
With the pitiful Rhimes of an ignorant Muſe,

No more in the praiſe of a Nymph let 'em prate,
Nor complain of the Stars or unkindneſs of fate;
But if they muſt Rhime, let 'em do't to ſome end,
And ſing us a Song of our Bottle and Friend.

They'r in pitiful caſe with their heart & their flame
And are puzled to find a new Miſtreſſes Name;
But once in a Stanza they muſt be in love,
Then their Protean Miſtris muſt any thing prove;
For their ſenſe and their truths are but Pimps to their Rhime,
And their Alphabet helps 'em to words that will Chime.

The Miſtris they fancy they fit to their mind,
In a Minute ſhe's pretty, coy, cruel, and kind;
Thus women are Deities only in ſhew,
While to them they do all their inconſtancy owe;
But in Burgundy we the fond paſſion will quench,
Or if we muſt love, we will go to a Wench.

A

A Rant.

MAke a noiſe,
Pull it out,
And drink about
Brave boys
Tother Cup,
Fill the Glaſs,
Ton ſober aſs,
Turn up,
why ſo ſad?
we'l have more
upon the ſcore
My Lad:
Let the Rabble,
prate and babble,
Foutre D'iable,
we will all be mad.
Sing a Catch
Serenade
In Masquerade,
The Watch.
Prittle prattle,
Tittle tattle,
Give 'em battail,
They ſhall find their match.

See they come,
staves and Pikes,
whoever strikes,
Strike home.
Come boys Draw,
fairly meet
'em in the Street,
Saw! saw!
Bravely done;
Cut and slash
the weapons clash
They Run.
How they wallow?
Let us follow,
Hoop and hollow,
For the day is won,
All's our own.
Every Crack
must on her back
Lye down.
Let us muster;
in a Cluster,
huff and bluster,
For we rule the Town.

Play along
ſing and chaunt
a merry Rant
Among
Lay about
Look ye whores,
ſhut all the Doors,
And ſtout
All prepare
ſee the ſhuts
draw up the ſhuts;
Beware
Butts and Cinders!
break the windows,
nothing hinders,
Let 'em have a care:
Together claſh,
in they go,
at ev'ry throw,
Daſh! Daſh!
Hark! they tumble,
How they jumble!
Rumble, Rumble,
Now the whores are quaſht.

Boys dispatch,
'Tis enough
That we can huff
The Watch:
Back again
To the Sun
Come let us run
Amain:
There we'l stay,
Roar and Drink,
And never think
Of day.
Time with Lasses,
Pots and Glasses,
Sweetly passes,
how it slides away?
Let the fool
He that thinks
And Sleeps and Drinks,
By Rule,
By a measure,
At his leasure
Take his pleasure,
And grow wisely dull.

Song.

Song.

TOm Farthing, Tom Farthing,
Where hast thou been Tom Farthing?
Twelve a Clock e're thou come in,
Four or five e're thou begin,
Lye all night and do nothing;
Wou'd make a woman weary,
Weary, weary, wou'd make a woman weary.

Hadst thou been a lively Lad,
And given me part of what thou'dst had,
Thou wou'dst have made my heart full glad,
And have made me wondrous merry,
Merry, merry, and have made me wondrous merry.

But thou art a Country Clown,
Sometimes up, and sometimes down,
Sometimes out, and sowetimes in,
And all thou do'st is not worth a pin;
'Twould make a woman weary,
Weary, weary, 'twould make a woman weary.

Disswading a Friend from love.

HAd Daphne *honour, wealth, or fame,*
Thou hadst some colour for thy flame,
Or were she young she might excite,
Thy lustful thoughts to appetite,
Were she or beautiful or good,
She unawares might fire thy blood,
But being neither rich, young, chast, nor fair,
To love as dotage, phrensy to despair.

The jealous Mistris.

LOng days of *absence Dear I could endure,*
Were my divided heart of thine secure.
But each Minute I find my self without thee,
Methinks I find my Rivals arms about thee.

But she perhaps her interest can improve,
By all the studied Arts of wealth and Love,
Whilst I alas poor kind and harmless creature,
Plunge in true patience, trust me it shews good nature

Venus

Venus and *Adonis*: Sung in the Play, called, *The Siege of Constantinople.*

VEnus *chane't to love a Boy,*
Young Adonis *was her joy;*
He once leap'd from off her knee,
To hunt and take an Humble bee:
Then the bag to her did bring,
She ſigh'd and ask'd him for the ſting:
when he look'd, and ſaw her eye,
Drop a Tear, he ſtraight did cry,
O forgive me, I will bring
A bigger, and a longer ſting:
Smiling ſhe cry'd, pretty Lad!
when that time comes I ſhall be glad.

A Mad Man's Song.

IN *Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old bones,*
There ſhe ſighs in the day time, and in the night (*groans*
'Mongſt Ghoſts of the guilty for ever ſhe'l howl,
And in beds fil'd with Serpents eternally rowl.

But

But I and Irene *'l be merry*
Amongst happy Lovers we'l play!
Ah Charon! *make haste with your ferry,*
Row hard and i'le double your pay.

A Catch of Four Parts.

NEw fruition has employ'd our bottles of love,
Let the bottles of wine fly about,
The heat of that fire,
Shall enflame our desire,
And Phlegmatick dullness remove;
A Health to the best,
And a Pox of the rest,
And hey for 'tother for 'tother brisk bout.

A Song by a Debauch'd Souldier.

They come! they come!
Hark! do you hear that Drum?
It is an alarm to War;
To love it doth beat
A fatal retreat,
See! see, where our Enemies are!

A noise! a noise,
of shouts and dreadful cryes,
Has frighted our scouts they come in,
then farewel delight,
till after the fight,
We'l rout 'em, and at it agen!

They fly, they fly,
Hark, how they Quarter cry!
Their valour lyes now in their speed;
their Bassaws in vain,
Would rally again,
But a Turk delights not to bleed.

Bring wine, bring wine,
What do you still repine?
To trust a brave Souldier for drink;
The Enemie's run,
Then Souldiers be gone,
Will he never return do you think?

The Quakers Ballad.

YE ſhe-friends and he-friends whoever inherit,
Infallible light in dark-lanthorn of ſpirit,
Come prick up your ears, for behold I will ſit ye,
With an Hymn that is cal'd by the wicked a ditty.

In the ſcuffle we late have had with the Baptiſts,
Wherein both our honour and intreſt wrapt is,
Though our logick perhaps be too weak to diſpute 'um
We hope by a Ballad at leaſt to confute 'um.

For though Fiddle and Organs are both Babiloniſh
Wherewith the prophane delighted alone is;
Yet in ſuch a caſe inſpiration may haunt
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chaunt.

Then let us a while our tremblings lay by,
And quit our ſtill Meetings to ſet up a cry,
Lets challenge, and rant, talk loud and be bold,
For the Spirit at preſent doth move us to ſcold.

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the wrong,
And take up that carnal weapon the tongue,
For if we delay our whole party muſt ſink,
And our long-boaſted light go out in a ſtink.

Our

Our jugling's so plain will appear that each eye,
Through the mask of our holy pretences will spy,
And see that a Quaker, when stript of his paint,
Is never of kin to an Atheist then Saint.

Then let us equivocate neatly and lay,
A plausible meaning on all that we say,
And the very same art that serves to excuse us,
At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

This being done, we point time and place,
And come full prepared to handy the case,
In the Barbican *first we gave them a meeting,*
And never was seen such a Bear-garden greeting.

A Rabble thrust in from each end of the town,
And before half an argument could be laid down,
In less time than a man can a pot of ale swallow,
'twas confirm'd with a hoop, & deny'd with a hallow.

The place like an Hot-house appear'd, and by hap,
Some friends might be cured here of a clap;
And if it were so I cannot but say,
Twas the best effect of our meeting that day.

But

But once more have at 'um, for without doubt,
If we cannot confute, we must tyre them out,
And therefore sent word they were cowardly lubbars,
If they would not in Spittle-fields venture a rubers.

Four hours and more we dispute in and out,
To know what it was we should dispute about,
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that we resolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made puss laugh, or child in the cri-
To hear us chop Logick, and talk sylogismes, [some,
That spiritual vantings of Naylor and's brood,
Should Apostatize thus into figure and mood.

To see holy seed so grand a designer,
As to turn yea and nay into Major and Minor,
Use language of beast Concedo or Pergo,
And tickle their tobies at last with an Ergo.

At first they came on like huffing Philistians,
And needs would attempt to prove us no Christians,
When most by our wranglings already thought much
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

All Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane,
Though divers of us had written in that strain;
But that by a figure must be understood,
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let friends take notice how basely they wrong us,
By suggesting a Papist God bless us, amongst us:
For there was no need of that I must tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare,
But avoid the contest to prove that we were;
For we find that our interest doth better agree,
To be counted Christians, than truly to be.

Yet inveagled at last by a kind of a wyle, (while,
We were drawn into what we had shun'd all this
But still we were safe, though shrewdly put to't,
For when all shifts fail, inspiration can do't.

To this then we flye, though certain it be,
Old Mahomet had as much claim to't as we,
However it serves to ward off a blow,
For who shall refute what no man can know.

For if folks would have wonders or miracles done,
We confess we can instance at present but one,
That so many should Scripture and reason forsake
And in our ridiculous whimsies partake.

But though in good form we would argue no more,
We went on with bawling as high as before,
For we knew that the croud would the glory afford,
To him that spoke loudest, and had the last Word.

To prove that we did our Antagonist beat,
'Tis enough for to say that we made them retreat,
And charged them bravely when we had done,
In the Rear with an ecchо, they run friends, they run.

And to shew that our ammunition of Lungs,
Was yet not all spent, nor weary our tongues,
After this we began another new quoil,
And fell all a preaching in Rank and in file,

That in brief a strange clutter we kept, and a stir,
But what good came on't, if I know i'm a cur,
Only people went home, some sick, and some lame,
But all of them just as wise as they came.

FINIS.